

# The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1874.

Vol. II. No. 70

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SEASONED WOOD, SAWED, BY THE CORD,  
Also, KINDLING WOOD to families and stores by the barrel.  
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SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY.  
Rain, rain, beautiful rain,  
Gently falling from the sky,  
Bringing a sad and soft refrain  
While melting from your home on high:  
Heavenly drops! as ye patter down  
Spring flowers open their eyes,  
The fields put on their emerald gown  
And surely winter dies.  
Rain, rain, rain, rain,  
And cease not yet awhile,  
Till all earth and sky again  
Sparkle in nature's smile.  
FASHIONABLE YOUNG LADY.  
Rain, rain, rain, rain—  
Did I ever see such weather?  
The grief of my heart I can scarce contain,  
For I've missed my beautiful feather:  
This morning it was so bright and fair,  
I was having a nice little chat  
With a gentleman friend, when down came the rain  
On the top of my beautiful hat.  
I am so glad I did not wear  
My handsome velvet aque,  
For if I spoiled that—gracious dear!  
I had nothing to put on my back.  
—Graphic.

**Wonders of the West.**  
The following is from the N. Y. Tribune's correspondence with a Government exploring party, under Lieut. Wheeler, U. S. A.  
**EXPLORED THE DEATH VALLEY.**  
The expedition left the Territory of Arizona in the middle of December. The boat party leaving camp Mojave on Sept. 13, reached the mouth of Diamond Creek on Oct. 19. The ascent of the river was comparatively easy from the Black and Boulder Canons, until reaching the point of crossing to the southward, when, not having fully anticipated the increasing obstacles to entering the jaws of the Grand Canon, the dangers of the trip were suddenly realized; and only after much privation and severe labor, with a scarcity of food, did the party, hemmed in by frowning walls, reach the mouth of Diamond Creek, where relief awaited them.  
Death Valley in California is a detrital sink of unique physical characteristics. This whole region presents a series of valleys of detrital plains, each entirely enclosed by the Cordilleras that are more or less distinct as a series of mountain masses. The "Death Valley" known interiorly to our explorers, and has portions near the center of its axial line below the level of the sea, although far inland, and lying much to the north of the lower border of the great Interior Basin. It is the sink of the Amargosa River, which has its source in the areas of drainage formed to the south and east of Belmont, Nev., traverses the desert of that name while passing southward, until, reaching lat. 35° 41' 5", it makes an abrupt angle to the west, and thence, at right angles to the north, reaches the point of greatest depression, a little less than 300 feet below sea level, in the heart of Death Valley proper. This valley, of the ordinary oval form, is fully 70 miles in length, varying from 5 to 15 miles in width, surrounded by frowning mountains of volcanic and sedimentary origin, the Telescope Range, rising higher than 10,000 feet. The line crossing this dismal area from the mouth of Death Valley Canon to the thermal springs in Furnace Creek, presenting a labyrinthine maze of efflorescent, saline forms, creates at the level of vision a miniature ocean, the vibrations of whose contorted waves has a sickening effect upon the senses. The lurid glare, horizoned by the bluish haze radiated from the mountain sides, appears focussed to this pit, though broad in expanse. It seems coupled with the extreme heat, to call for the utmost powers of mental and physical endurance.  
The journey through the Valley of Death occasioned the utmost apprehension evinced through the entire season. To this was added the effect of the fearful cloudburst experienced while among the Telescope Mountains, to the west, and the absence of the guide who had ventured toward the northwestern arm of the Valley, it was feared, to return no more. The transit of 48 hours in a temperature that remained at 117° F. at midnight, so exhausted both men and animals that further travel was rendered precarious.

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire forsakes me; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I reflect how vain it is to mourn for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying beside those who deposed them, when I behold rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men who divided the world by their contentions and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the frivolous competitions, factions, and debates of mankind.—Addison.

It was a practical man who gave this advice: "Put not your faith in him who predicts a hot season—he keeps ice; nor he who predicts a cold one—he owns a cheap clothing store; nor yet in him who predicts a wet one—he has umbrellas; nor a dry one—he sells beer."

**THE MILL RIVER DELUGE.**  
The daily papers of Sunday and Monday contained the details of a terrible disaster which occurred in Western Massachusetts, on Saturday last, caused by the bursting of a mountain reservoir Mill Stream, the scene of the terrible calamity, is a small river about twelve miles long. It runs easterly through Hampshire County, Mass., and empties into the Connecticut River at Northampton, about seventy-five miles north of New Haven and about midway between Boston and Albany. It would be a comparatively dry stream in the summer were it not for the Goshen and Williamsburg reservoirs, which supply it with water, making it one of the finest water-powers in Massachusetts. The latter reservoir was located in a gorge 40 feet deep and a mile in length. Three miles below the dam was situated the village of Williamsburg, containing six manufacturing establishments, with dwellings and a population of 1,000. Below Williamsburg were the villages of Skinnerville, which contained extensive silk works; Haydenville, with the brass works of Hayden, Gere, & Co., a cotton factory, a savings bank and other buildings; Leeds, another village in which Crisloe's button works and a large silk factory—all these, comprising four villages, clustering one after another for several miles in a narrow valley, were almost obliterated by the flood which came down with an appalling swiftness. Upwards of 150 lives were sacrificed, and property to the amount of a million of dollars.  
George Cheney, a man living near the reservoir, and employed as gatekeeper was the first person who became aware of the impending calamity. His story, as told to a reporter of the New York Graphic, is as follows:  
"About half-past six Saturday morning we heard the water rushing from the dam. We were at breakfast. 'Father,' said I, 'something is going wrong with the dam. It don't sound right.' 'Run out and see,' George,' said father.  
"I ran out and saw a small stream rushing out alongside the big iron pipe where we let out the water to supply the factories. It had worn out around the tube. The tube is four feet in diameter. As I stood there the stream kept growing larger. I shouted: 'Break!'  
"Then jump on to the horse, George, quick, and ride down the stream. Tell 'em to fly! Quick!  
"Quick as lightning," said George, "I strode across a horse, took a lath-stick in my hand, and ran towards Williamsburg. I ran for my life. Behind I saw the stream grow larger. It roared like a train of cars. Then it rumbled like thunder. I turned my head around and saw in the distance the bank of granite, like a big hill, move out. On I rode, pell mell, for Williamsburg, three miles. It was about half-past seven when I struck the town."

A milkman, named Collins Graves, hearing Cheney's warning, jumped upon his horse and dashed off towards Skinnerville, which he reached five minutes ahead of the flood, shouting, "Run! Save your lives! The water is coming!"  
At Haydenville Collins was two minutes ahead, but he shouted and galloped through the village. Now came the race between Collins and the flood for Leeds. But 'twas no use. The flood leaped by him like a train of cars.  
An eye-witness of the great disaster gives the following description:  
Early on Saturday morning I had set out from the house of a friend I had been staying to meet another near the dam. About half-way up to it I met a man running rapidly towards the village and shouting and waving his hands like a lunatic. I thought he was one and ran towards him, when he called to me to keep to the hills as the dam was giving way. I asked which way to go, and he said there might be time to alarm the people down at Spellman's so that they could get away before the flood should come. Then I started in that direction, but keeping out of the track of the river. I knew what an enormous body of water there was in the reservoir, and that if really the wall were giving way and should presently burst, nothing could save the people below, but I still half-doubted the man's sanity. Still, lives might be saved, even if what he said was true, for I thought the wall strong enough to withstand for a little while the pressure of the water behind it. I was so excited that I hardly knew what I thought, but surely I kept out of the direct road of the torrent. Just as I was running up a hill-side to get a better view of affairs I heard a heavy rumbling roar behind, such as I can liken to nothing, for I never heard anything at all resembling it—a booming rizz, long continued, or something of the sort—a sound of awful power, intending destruction to everything, and then I looked up towards the dam and saw a great, black mass of water moving on a solid wall and the spray all above it like hair bristles. I was so terrified that I almost fell, and had to catch at a tree to save myself. But I was near the village, and could see Spellman's factory and the men standing about the door. The water swept down below and past me with a rush, not whirling, as one might think it would, but going as straight in its course as an arrow. The noise was deafening. You could see—I saw it all in a second—a tree or a house standing, and then the half sight of it bending or toppling over, and then it would disappear, whirling in and out of the flood. Spellman's factory seemed, though, to be lifted right off of its foundations, and sailed down on the top of the swollen river that now looked like a long black slippery serpent wriggling down the valley with frightful velocity. I followed along as swiftly as possible, and it seemed as though the whole village ran away from me. It may seem improbable, but I could swear I heard the shouts and screams of men and women above the roar of the torrent but made all sorts of noises and sounds, and there was a wind with it—I thought, created by it—for before a tree would be struck its branches would move away from the waters as if with a wind or from a presentiment of what was coming. Afterwards I heard some people say that there had seemed something the matter the morning before the dreadful disaster, as if it had been foreshadowed in their feelings or in the air itself. But it is impossible to tell accurately of what I heard and saw, for what I saw was as if in a flash of lightning where everything was a picture.

Curiously enough, says the Graphic, this is almost an exact verification of the story told by Charles Reade of the flood at "Hillsboro." In each case the slight leaking of the dam warns the gatekeeper of its certain ruin. The man on horseback who galloped through "Hillsboro" just in advance of the flood, shouting out his warning of coming death is exactly paralleled by Collins Graves, who rode down Mill River valley with the coming flood close at his heels, and to whose frantic cries the salvation of hundreds of lives is doubtless due. And the wild antics played by the water in either case so closely resembles one another that the chapter in Reade's novel might almost be used as a report of the Massachusetts catastrophe.

**THE LADIES.**  
The proposition to introduce ladies as railroad conductors is frowned upon in view of the fact that the ladies of the West are not so well equipped as the gentlemen of the East. The Arizona girl doesn't carry a parasol slung over her waist, but her belt is ornamented with an ivory handled revolver. There is no complaint of a lack of politeness of young men out there.  
Princess Louise, the daughter of Queen Victoria, wouldn't go to her brother's wedding at St. Petersburg because her husband, the Marquis, didn't have the necessary ancestry to entitle him to a seat at the emperor's table.  
At the last grand ball at Wyoming, Miss I was attired in a buff gossamer buckskin dress, with army blanket overcoat, bottom looped up with buckskin strings out bias. Hair dressed a la Red Cloud, in which was twined a few sprigs of sage brush, the whole secured behind in a bunch with a hand-some pin made with a pine splinter and a buffalo's ear.

The Romans were passionately fond of roses. Cleopatra received Anthony at one of her banquets in an apartment covered with rose leaves; and Anthony when dying, requested roses to be strewn on his grave. Rose water was the favorite perfume of Roman belles; they even used it in their baths. The Turks believe that roses sprang from the breath of Mahomet, for which reason they never tread on a rose, nor suffer one to lie on the ground; they also sculpture roses on the tombs of unmarried ladies. The language of flowers has an impassioned eloquence.

The most stylish hats for Summer are those with coronets widely turned up in front, and a cluster of three soft, stemless, roses, pale pink, sulphur, and coral color, placed directly above the forehead. For those who effect a more dashing style, the Ninon de l'Enclos round hat is "the thing," the brim being turned up high on the left side and again behind; the front points downward, shading the forehead slightly. The prettiest models are of brown chip, with brown velvet facing and folds, and pink roses clustered on the turned-up side of the brim. Strings are entirely banished, only for middle-aged ladies. The only drapery is from new scarfs, and the Charlotte Corday curtains.

A correspondent says: "You never see a young girl in velvet and her mother in tulle except they are an American mother and daughter, and I never saw a French woman whose front hair looked like a poodle dog's back. Vanity without common sense has made more 'frights' in looks among American women than their Creator is accountable for, and nowadays, when fashions are so adaptable, no one is excusable in not being at least presentable. But so long as the word 'style' supercedes all others in our vocabulary, and so long as 'oddy' is the synonym of style, I suppose those of us who are neither one nor the other can only fold our hands and wait for our turn."

